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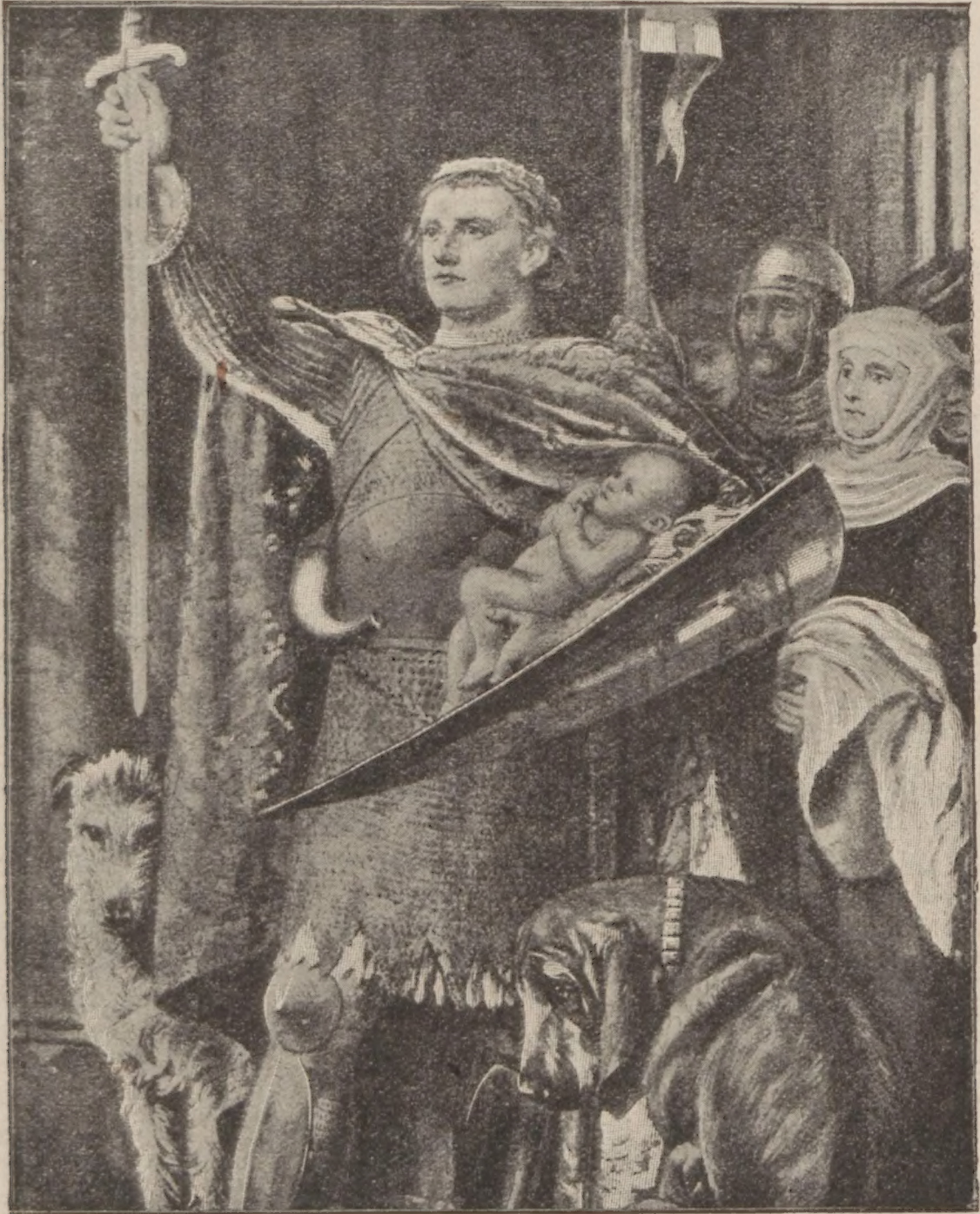
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.
(From the picture by P. R. Morris, A.R.A.)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Norris's Nerves.

BY JANE GRANT.

NORRIS *was* a crock—he wasn't up to footer, and he always wore a scarf; he'd Wellington boots for the playground, and a chest protector (so the chaps in his dormitory declared). But we wouldn't have ragged him for that; a fellow can't help it if his people turn him into a nursing home on legs, I suppose. It was his *nerves* we jibbed at, whatever they may be; we'd never heard of nerves at Perivale till Norris turned up there.

Matron told us about him before he came—I believe Norris was her second cousin or something, half a dozen times removed, and she'd got his people to send him to our school. It seemed pretty plain that he needed a school—I'll say that much for Matron—but I jolly well wished that she'd chosen any other school than ours; and Mullins agreed with me.

For it was us two she attacked the night before Norris turned up; he was a week late, owing to a "temperature," as she told us, and we'd jolly well settled into our studies rippingly comfortably.

Mullins and I are Middle School, and we'd had studies for almost a year, so we were jolly well up in things. We'd chosen fresh ones at the beginning of term; and we'd expressly waited till the other chaps had nabbed theirs, because we wanted an empty room in between ours. What we wanted it for I couldn't exactly say, but we thought it would

be jolly useful on occasion. We thought of fitting it up with telephone wires, and sending messages to each other, or with electric batteries and sending shocks—by boring holes in the walls, you know. We might have thought of loads more things, and much more ripping, if it hadn't been that Matron nabbed us both the night before Morris came.

"Besley and Mullins," she said, coming down the corridor, "I want to speak to you two."

"Yes, Matron," we said. Matron's jolly decent at times, and at times she's a terror; you never know where you may have her—whether you may cheek her and she'll laugh, or whether she'll turn on you like a Tank for the merest word. Even the Head's been known to blench before her—at least chaps say so.

"Now, look here," she said. "I've something to say to you two. I've a new boy coming to-morrow. Norris—that's his name—and he's none too strong. In fact, he's nervous"—here she glared at us, as though it was jolly well our fault—"and I won't have him bullied or ragged, or whatever you call it! And he's going to have that study." She pointed to the one between Mullins's and mine, and before we could utter a word she'd turned round and was gone.

"Here's a rotten go!" said Mullins, just as soon as the sound of her heels had died away on the corridor. "What a swizzle and a swipe—NERVES!"

"I'll give him nerves!" I said; and we both turned and went into our own studies and swotted hard



all the evening with misery, for there was nothing else to do: we'd meant to rig up a battery or a telephone between our rooms, and now we just did our Horace instead. Next day we'd done such a rotten lot, too, that we were both openly praised, if you'd believe it, in class by Hodge—he's the new classic tutor—which made us more wild than ever.

So it might have been the rottenness of that, or it may have been the sight of Norris, that finished us off; but I rather think it was both, though the sight of Norris had a good deal to do with it. He was small, and his eyes popped nearly right out of his head at the sight of us; he played up and down with his fingers like a piano lesson all the time we were talking to him, and he rubbed his feet together, and he stammered. Neither of us *wanted* to rag him—we'd never thought of doing such a thing—though he'd fully deserved it already, having taken our middle study from us. But when we saw him, the strangest feelings seized us: they are difficult to describe, but they must have been the same with Mullins as with me, for he did exactly the same as I did. Just at the very instant that prep. bell rang we went into our studies and fairly raised Cain. I couldn't tell you why, but we felt inclined to—so we did. It wasn't that we had any particular animosity against Norris, though we may have had against his nerves; but we whacked on the walls of his study with our footer boots, and we hurled our furniture about—the very heaviest things we could tackle—

making the most tremendous din. We roared and howled aloud, too, like dying dervishes, and we laughed horribly like the worst hyenas. I'd just made a sort of heap of my cricket bats and boots and all my books, and the poker and loads of other things, including several empty tins, and had kicked them off the table for the tenth time, when a tap was heard at my door, and Norris's head looked in.

"I—I—s-s-say!" he stuttered in a frightened voice.

I didn't hear the rest of his sentence: it was drowned by a frightful row from Mullins's study. He'd been spinning his table round on one of its legs, he told me afterwards, and it had a few things on it at the time. *His* noise was followed by mine, as I snicked down my heap as neat as ninepins; and *my* noise was followed by the disappearance of Norris, as I hoped it would be.

But I hadn't hoped for what happened next: some one else appeared at that jiffy—namely, Matron. She was perfectly dandered with fury, and she tore me along the corridor like a whirlwind (having seized me by the shoulder, unprepared), and whisked me into Mullins's study. He was in the act of piling up his fire-irons at that instant, and dropped the lot at the sight of us—after which she let forth!

To hear her you'd have thought we'd been ragging Norris to smithereens, though, personally, I don't think we were doing anything to any one; he happened to be there, you see, just when we happened to have to

make a row. We didn't bother to tell Matron that, though: not that she'd have given us the chance if we had, for she simply raged on for hours. She fetched Norris in, and he stood there blinking like an owl as she told us that we had tried to stop his work, and tried to ruin his health—those were her identical words. I didn't care a rap what she said—though I was gradually beginning to loathe the sight of Norris—till she came to the end. "You two," she said, pointing to Mullins and me, "have got to change your studies. And you're to do it right away. You can choose any studies that you like, for I've not time to decide that; but not another night, Besley, shall you be in Study Two, nor shall Mullins stay in Four. I'll have no ragging here;" and off she began to go.

Off! The whole show was off; the term was mucked and everything. Mullins and I were perfectly furious. Not that we minded Matron getting the upper hand—she usually does; and besides she's there for that, I suppose—but, as for being chucked out of our studies on account of Norris's nerves!

And, at that identical moment: "L-l-l-l-lo-o-ok he-e-ere!" said Norris, interrupting our thoughts, "I'm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-most-t-t f-f-f-frightful-l-l-ly——"

"Shut up." I glared at him, and then I turned to Mullins. "As we've got to do it, let's come on," I said. "But as for chaps with nerves interrupting—! Here, Mullins, which study will you choose?"

"I s-s-say!" began Norris again.

"Look here," said Mullins, turning on him like a panther. "The best thing you can do is to make yourself scarce;" and we took him by the shoulders and put him gently outside the door.

If you've ever changed studies—which probably you have—you'll know what a rotten job it is. I seized my saucepans and kettles, and was starting off upstairs to try and find the least loathsome dug-out that there was, when a tap came at the door: it was Norris again!

"If this isn't jolly well the most utter—!" I shouted, flying to the door and nearly flinging my kettles at him; but there he was, standing as still as a statue. He wasn't going to budge evidently, and he suddenly began to speak in a huge deep voice, as though he was intoning in chapel, with a long gap between each word. "YOU . . . CAN . . . HOWL . . . ABOUT . . . MY . . . NERVES," he said, "AS . . . SOON . . . AS . . . I'VE . . . DONE . . . BUT . . . I'M . . . GOING . . . TO . . . SPEAK . . . OUT . . . FIRST!"

"I'M . . . NOT . . . SUCH . . . AN . . . ASS . . . AS . . . YOU . . . THINK," he said. "IF . . . YOU . . . CALL . . . STUTTERING . . . NERVES . . . WELL . . . YOU . . . CAN! . . . BUT . . . I'VE . . . GOT . . . A . . . DODGE . . . THAT'LL . . . STOP . . . YOUR . . . HAVING . . . TO . . . CHANGE . . . STUDIES . . . ALL . . . RIGHT . . . IF . . . YOU'LL . . . LISTEN!"

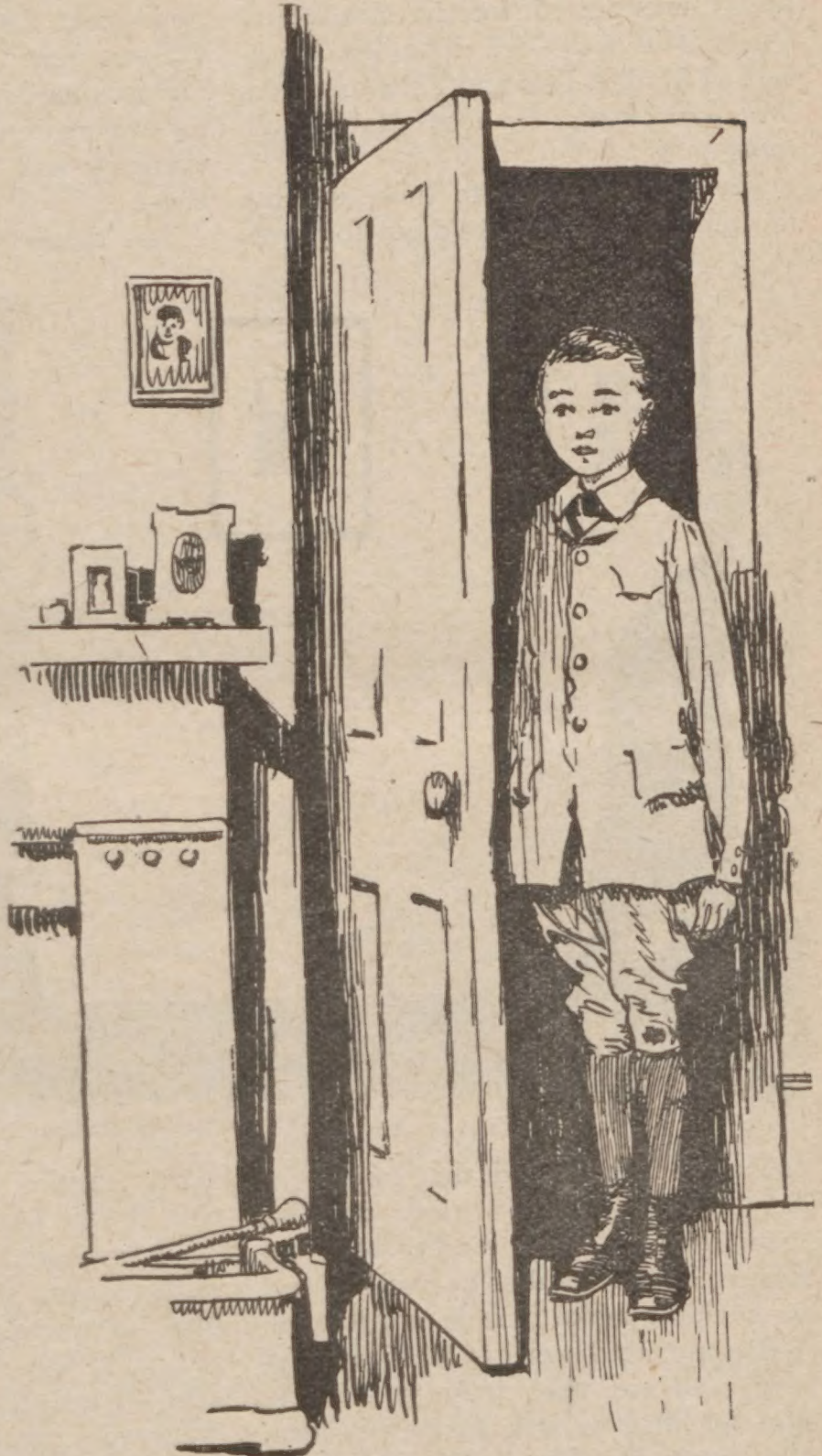
By that time we were calming down a bit, and getting used to his

peculiar talk, and we did listen; more than listen, too—we were fairly howling with delight by the end of his speech, and chortling with joy at his notion.

"If it works! You don't know Matron," said Mullins at last; "and what about your nerves?"

"It's . . . ONLY . . . STAMMERING . . . I'VE . . . GOT . . . I . . . DON'T . . . CARE A . . . HANG . . . ABOUT NOISE . . . WHY . . . SHOULD . . . I? I . . . ONLY . . . CAME . . . TO . . . YOUR . . . ROOM . . . TO . . . WARN . . . YOU . . . THAT . . . TIME . . . BECAUSE . . . I . . . SAW . . . THAT . . . MATRON . . . COMING . . ." said Norris. "BUT . . . WHY . . . SHOULD . . . SHE . . . MIND? . . . SHE . . . SAID . . . YOU . . . COULD . . . CHANGE . . . TO . . . WHAT . . . EVER . . . STUDY . . . YOU . . . LIKED . . . FOR . . . I . . . NOTICED . . . PAR . . . TICU . . . LARLY," said Norris, almost exploding like a broken megaphone over the last word.

Well, he didn't quite;

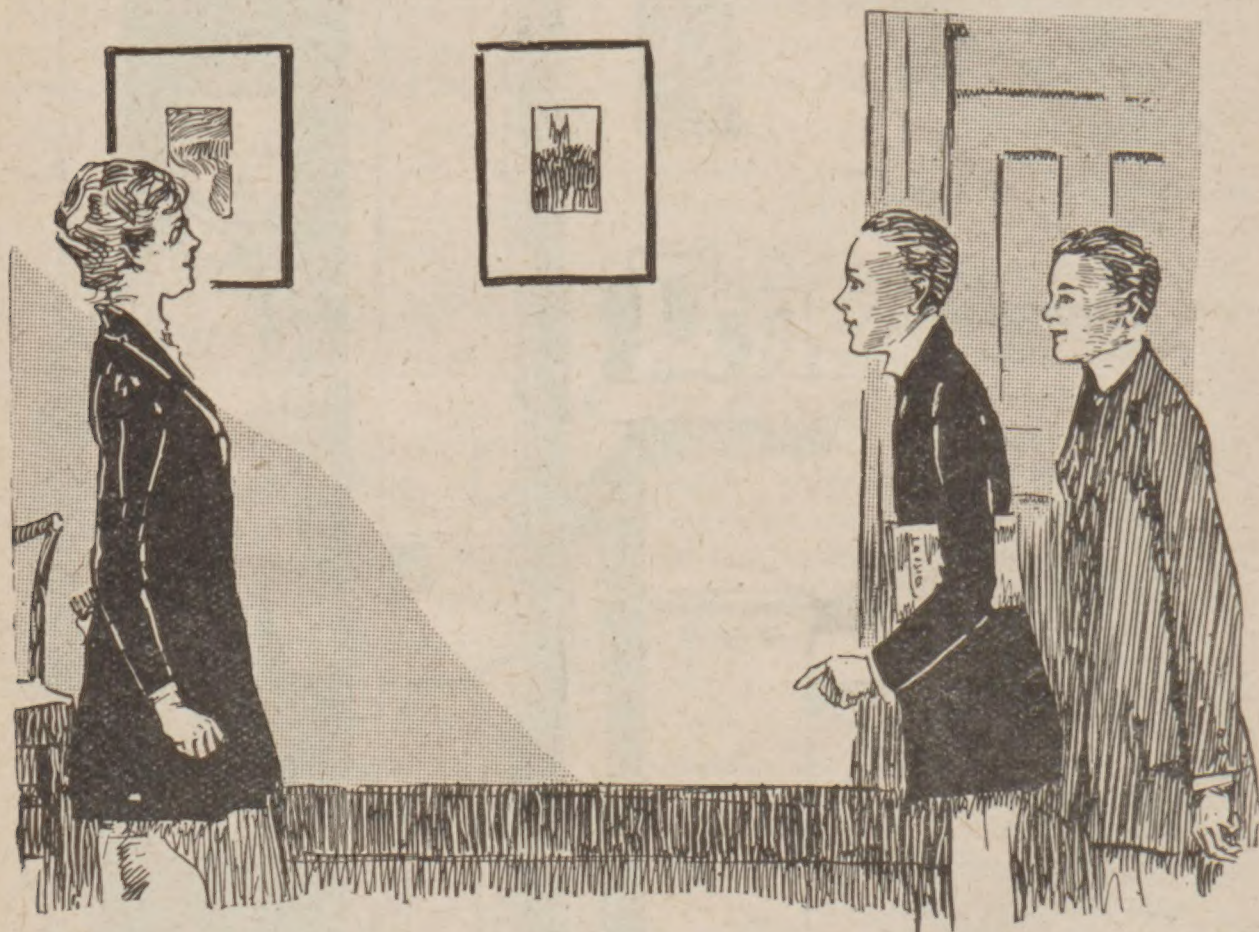


but the next thing that happened was pretty unexpected, for the *three* of us—Norris as well—fell upon the furniture of Studies Two and Four together. We were going to obey Matron all right, but——

The job was done to time, and by the time it was done we'd got to know

finished by lights out, and we came down next day feeling quite as usual. Classes went through all right, too, for anyhow we weren't praised again for having done too much; but in the evening—well, the deluge turned up *then!*

The deluge was Matron; she was



the chap. It seemed that he'd been taught to speak in that frightful loud voice by some teacher of stammerers, but that unless he remembered, he couldn't make himself understood. Well, he carted weights all right anyway, and we were jolly grateful to him for that as well as for his idea. We were upstairs with everything

fairly frantic. She was standing outside Study Two when we came along with our prep. books, and her eyes fairly danced straight out of her head like fireworks. "What does this mean?" she said; "of all intolerable—" and then she almost choked. "I gave you both an order, and you have not attempted to obey it. This

is a case for Headquarters"—by which she meant the Head, and "gated" for the rest of term—and it was only the first week. "Explain yourselves at once, or—" and on she raced, though we would have explained all right if she would only have let us.

"Matron," I began, "I say——"

"I told you and Mullins to change your studies," shouted Matron, so loud that every chap on that corridor looked from his dug-out. "I gave you leave to change to any studies that you liked. And——"

"Matron, we—" began Mullins, in a quaking voice; but he didn't dare to go on further, and then suddenly we got the surprise of our lives.

"MAT . . . RON!" said a deep loud voice, and it was Norris. "I . . . MUST . . . SPEAK . . . THEY . . . *have* . . . CHANGED . . . THEIR . . . STUDIES . . . DON'T . . . YOU . . . SEE? . . . MULLINS . . . HAS . . . CHANGED . . . TO . . . BESLEY'S . . . AND . . . BESLEY . . . TO . . . MULLINS'S . . . AND—here he gave a gulp; but he went on again as loud as ever in his megaphone voice: "IT . . . WAS . . . MY . . . IDEA!"

His voice was so loud and clear that even Matron gasped, and stopped as though she'd been fascinated by a snake or something. "What!" she said, as she stopped; and I wondered what she'd do next.

Honestly, she's got a jolly decent sense of humour, and she saw the joke in a sec. Then she threw her head back and fairly bellowed; her voice is loud, but her laugh beats it. She roared and roared, and all the chaps

roared too; and Mullins and I roared as well, as soon as we saw that it was safe to join in. Then she never said another word; she went laughing along the corridor, and she fairly grinned at us as she turned the corner.

"I say," said Bruce, the chap from Six, when he came along to hear the tale, "that new chap's no rotter. Fancy daring to hold his own with Matron! No one's ever dared to do it before. *He's got nerve!*"

NERVE! Well, I looked at Mullins, and he looked at me. Nerve, so he had. "I say, Norris, we'll strike the last letter off those nerves of yours, old chap," I said; and we jolly well shook hands.

Four Years of Dirt.

A RESIDENT of New York, who was visiting one of the new oil-fields of Texas, came across a small boy playing in the dooryard of a disgracefully dirty and dilapidated house. The child, scarcely recognizable, answered his salutation with a grin.

"How old are you?" asked the New Yorker.

"Four."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the man. "I didn't know any one could get so dirty in four years!"

Golden Text for the Month.

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.—COLOSSIANS iii. 20.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER III.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ALL this time, while the boy Jesus was living His quiet life in the little village of Nazareth, learning to prepare Himself for His Father's work,



another boy, only a few months older, was also being trained to help in that work.

This boy was John, the son of the old priest Zacharias, of whom the angel had said that he should be the messenger sent before the King to prepare His way before Him.

It was not an easy life that John

led. He had no fine clothes or soft bed or dainty food. Elisabeth, his mother, must have found it hard, too, not to give her only son all the pleasures and treats which boys so much enjoy. But she never thought of pleasing herself. She knew that the boy must be trained to endure hardness, to make him a fit messenger of the King, and she taught him from the very beginning the two great lessons of obedience and self-denial.

As soon as he was old enough he left the comfortable, happy home at Hebron, and far away out in the wilderness he lived his hard life alone, without friends or companions. Robbers there were in those wild, lonely places, but there was nothing they could rob him of. Wild beasts prowled about at nights; but he was brave and fearless, and under the light of the stars he slept as peacefully as if he had been at home. His dress was a rough garment, made of camel's hair, with a leather girdle round his waist, and his food was what the poorest beggars ate—locusts and the honey which the wild bees stored away in the rocks.

But in the loneliness of that hard life the King's messenger learned many things. God seemed very near in the quiet wilderness. God's voice sounded clearly when no other voice was in his ear. Night and day he thought only of the work that lay before him, until his whole heart was filled with the great desire to make the road ready for the King's feet. He knew how full of sin were the hearts of the people to whom the King was coming. He knew how much must be

done before that road could be made a royal highway.

It was on the banks of the river Jordan that he began his work. There he stood and preached to the people—a wild, strange figure in his camel's-hair coat and leathern girdle. His face was weather-beaten and sunburnt, his hair was untrimmed, and he wore rough sandals upon his bare feet. His appearance certainly would not draw any one to listen to him. But as soon as he began to speak the people were held spellbound, and crowds gathered round him. The news of this wonderful preacher who spoke such burning words spread from town to town and from village to village, and the people flocked out to the wilderness to hear him.

It seemed a strange message that this wild-looking messenger preached. The King was coming, he told them—the King for whom they had waited so long; but they were not fit to welcome Him.

He did not only say their hearts were evil and themselves wicked; he told them exactly what the sins were that were making their hearts so black and unworthy of the King's approach.

There were greedy people who had all they wanted, and never shared what they had with other people. These, he said, must give of their good things to the poor who had nothing. He told the rough soldiers that they must not be cruel, nor must they take away things by force from defenceless people. Rich and poor alike, he told them plainly what were the many bad things they were

doing, and how they must put an end to them before the King came.

There he stood, a lonely man in the midst of a great crowd—one voice on the side of God sounding in the ears of men who were more accustomed to the voice of the Evil One. But he was never afraid. He never thought of himself at all, only of the coming King, and with all his greatness and power he was as humble as a little child.

The people who listened to him began at last to think he was a very great prophet—perhaps even the King Himself; and one day they came and asked him plainly if this was so—if he was indeed the Christ.

"No," answered St. John at once. "I am nothing. I am but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord." He was but the servant going before; the King was near at hand, whose shoes he was not even worthy to stoop down and unloose.

(To be continued.)

Motto for March.

*The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

LONGFELLOW.

Sent in by GEORGE BROWN,
Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near
Romford, Essex,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Do thy duty that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

TENNYSON.

Scientific Amusements.

THE EGG SPINNING-TOP.

WRAP round the middle of a hard-boiled egg a few turns of string, and then set the egg with one of its ends on a plate, keeping the long axis vertical by means of the forefinger of the free hand. A sudden pull on the string will set the egg spinning

which may be set careering all round the room without fear of catastrophe.

A Cautious Purchaser.

AN Irishman went into a jeweller's to buy a clock. The salesman showed him one for one pound.

"What, a pound for that bit of a clock!" Pat exclaimed. "Is there anything wonderful about it?"



like a top or teetotum on the plate. This is one way of solving the problem of Columbus, how to make an egg stand on its end.

Instead of having the egg spinning smoothly in one place, you may use it as a whipping-top, lashing it with a whip of threads or of eel's skin. There is danger of a real egg being broken under this rough treatment, and it might be better to substitute an egg of wood—a "darker," for example—

"Yes," said the salesman: "this is an eight-day clock."

"And what's that?" inquired Pat.

"Why," answered the shopman, "it goes eight days without winding."

Pat scratched his head in bewilderment. "So much as that?" he said. "Well, there's one question I'd like to be after asking you. If it goes eight days without winding, I'd like to know how long will it go if you wind it?"



My Birch-Bark Canoe.

By C. M. S.

MY birch-bark canoe
Is the boat of my heart ;
She is lithe as an otter,
And swift as a dart.
No fish in the waters,
No bird in the blue,
Can live in a race
With my birch-bark canoe !

Last night, down the rapids,
Red Indians gave chase ;
Oh, fast dipped their paddles,
And mad was the race !
Their arrows fell round us
As onwards we flew ;
But they never came up
With my birch-bark canoe !

Ah, countless the dangers
A trapper must dare,
Yet dauntless I face them,
Nor tremble nor fear.
Come each high adventure,
I yet shall win through,
With a friend—and a gun—
And my birch-bark canoe !

Weather.

"COME, February, March with me !"
Said little Daughter Spring one day.
But Mother Nature shook her head :
"Oh no, my dear, just April May."

She was Never Taught.

THE late Queen Victoria had a keen sense of personal dignity and a sense of humour somewhat less keen. Although she enjoyed a joke, she did not always enjoy it if it was at her own expense. But, in *A Golden Age of Authors*, Mr. William W. Ellsworth relates an experience of Prince "Eddie" (elder brother of King George), while at Cambridge, that, despite its irreverence, was much enjoyed in the royal family when the prince reported it at home.

He was a long, lean, awkward youth, popularly nicknamed, from the conspicuousness of his wrists and ankles, Collars and Cuffs. He never had the ability to make himself popular that his younger brother enjoyed ; but he was nevertheless good-natured and unaffected. One day, while out walking in the rain, he came across a class-mate standing with his head buried in a hedge.

"What are you trying to do ?" inquired Prince Eddie, puzzled for the moment by such a peculiar attitude.

"Lighting my pipe," was the reply.

"Can't I help you ?"

The young man needed no help, and desired none ; and he declined it with offhand, slangy promptitude precisely as he would have done in speaking to any other classmate.

"You teach your grandmother to suck eggs !" he remarked. Then he added hastily, "Oh, say, you know, I beg your pardon ! I had forgotten who your grandmother is."

Cats and Dogs and Men.

"IT is all very fine," said the cat, yawning, and stretching herself against the fender, "but it is rather a bore; I don't see the use of it." She raised herself, and arranged her tail into a ring, and seating herself in the middle of it, with her forepaws in a straight line from her shoulders, at right angles to the hearth-rug, she looked pensively at the fire.

"I would ask the men, only they are so conceited and stupid they can't understand what we say. I hear them droning away, teaching their little ones every day—telling them to be good, and to do what they are bid, and all that. Nobody ever tells me to do anything; if they do, I don't do it, and I am very good. I wonder whether I should be any better if I minded more? I'll ask the dog."

"Dog," said she to a little fat



"It is very odd," she went on: "there is my poor Tom; he is gone. I saw him stretched out in the yard. I spoke to him, and he took no notice of me. He won't, I suppose, ever any more, for they put him under the earth. Nice fellow he was. It is wonderful how little one cares about it. So many jolly evenings we spent together; and now I seem to get on quite as well without him. I wonder what has become of him; and my last children, too, what has become of them? What are we here for?"

spaniel coiled up on a mat like a lady's muff with a head and tail stuck on to it—"dog, what do you make of it all?"

The dog faintly opened his languid eyes, looked sleepily at the cat for a moment, and dropped them again.

"Dog," she said, "I want to talk to you; don't go to sleep. Can't you answer a civil question?"

"Don't bother me," said the dog; "I am tired. I stood on my hind legs ten minutes this morning before I could get my breakfast, and it hasn't agreed with me."

"Who told you to do it?" said the cat.

"Why, the lady I have to take care of me," replied the dog.

"Do you feel any better for it, dog, after you have been standing on your legs?" asked she.

"Haven't I told you, you stupid cat, that it hasn't agreed with me? let me go to sleep, and don't plague me."

"But I mean," persisted the cat, "do you feel improved, as the men call it? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Do you feel good and great?"

"What do I know?" said the dog. "I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone."

"Do you never think, O dog without a soul? Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what this world is?"

The dog stretched himself and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. "I conceive," he said, "that the world is for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs: women to take care of little dogs like me, and men for the big dogs like those in the yard; and cats," he continued, "are to know their place, and not to be troublesome."

"They beat you sometimes," said the cat. "Why do they do that? They never beat me."

"If they forget their places and beat me," snarled the dog, "I bite them, and they don't do it again. I should like to bite you, too, you nasty cat; you have woke me up."

"There may be truth in what you say," said the cat calmly; "but I think your view is limited. If you lis-

tened like me you would hear the men say it was all made for them, and you and I were made to amuse them."

"They don't dare to say so," said the dog.

"They do indeed," said the cat. "I hear many things which you lose by sleeping so much. They think I am asleep, and so they are not afraid to talk before me; but my ears are open when my eyes are shut."

"You surprise me," said the dog. "I never listen to them, except when I take notice of them, and then they never talk of anything except of me."

"I could tell you a thing or two about yourself which you don't know," said the cat.

"You have never heard, I dare say, that once upon a time your fathers lived in a temple, and that people prayed to them."

"Prayed! what is that?"

"Why, they went on their knees to ask you to give them good things, just as you stand on your toes to them now to ask for your breakfast. You don't know either that you have got one of those bright things we see up in the air at night called after you."

"Well, it is just what I said," answered the dog. "I told you it was all made for us. They never did anything of that sort for you."

"Didn't they? Why, there was a whole city where the people did nothing else; and as soon as we got stiff and couldn't move about any more, instead of being put under the ground, like poor Tom, we used to be stuffed full of all sorts of nice things, and kept better than we were when we were alive."

"You are a very wise cat," answered her companion; "but what good is it knowing all this?"

"Why, don't you see," said she, "they don't do it any more. We are going down in the world, we are, and that is why living on in this way is so miserable. I don't mean to complain for myself, and you needn't, dog—we have a quiet life of it; but a quiet life is not the thing, and if there is nothing to be done except sleep and eat, and eat and sleep, why, as I said before, I don't see the use of it.

"There is something more in it than that; there was once, and there will be again, and I shan't be happy till I find it out. It is a shame, dog, I say. The men have been here only a few thousand years, and we—why, we have been here hundreds of thousands; if we are older, we ought to be wiser. I'll go and ask the creatures in the wood."

"You'll learn more from the men," said the dog.

"They are stupid, and they don't know what I say to them; besides, they are so conceited they care for nothing except themselves. No; I shall try what I can do in the woods. I'd as soon go after poor Tom as stay living any longer like this."

"And where is poor Tom?" yawned the dog.

"That is just one of the things I want to know," answered she. "Poor Tom is lying under the yard, or the skin of him, but whether that is the whole I don't feel so sure. They didn't think so in the city I told you about. It is a beautiful day, dog; won't you take a trot out with me?" she added wistfully.

"Who, I?" said the dog. "Not quite."

"You may get so wise," said she.

"Wisdom is good," said the dog, "but so is the hearth-rug, thank you!"

"But you may be free," said she.

"I shall have to hunt for my own dinner," said he.

"But, dog, they may pray to you again," said she.

"But I shan't have a softer mat to sleep upon, cat; and as I am rather delicate, that is a consideration."

He Seemed very Old to Her.

A LITTLE girl who had been besieging her grandfather with an endless succession of questions during the evening, had still one more question to ask before she went to bed.

"Grandad," she said, "were you in the ark?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed smilingly.

"Then," said she, regarding him with innocent wonder, "why weren't you drowned?"

The Summer Dog.

LITTLE Robert, who was calling at a neighbour's house, seemed very much interested in their dog.

"Why, Bobby, haven't you a dog of your own?" asked his hostess.

"We have one in the summer, but we have to send it away in the winter," he replied.

"How is that?" she asked in surprise.

"Well," he answered, "it's a dachshund, and my father says it takes him so long to go in and out of the door it cools off the whole house."

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER III.

"O JIM!" said Marjorie.

"Half a mo'!" said Jim, recovering himself. It would never do for "the kid" to be too frightened, he thought. And perhaps— He rushed down the rocky slope on to the sands that the outgoing tide had left uncovered. "I might wade or swim out," he said.

"O Jim!" almost sobbed Marjorie, much more terrified at the sight of the boy's actions as he tore off his boots and coat than by the disappearance of their boat; "oh, don't leave me alone!"

Jim had to pretend not to hear. "It's the only chance," he muttered to himself, "if—it's a chance at all." He plunged into the water. "It's all right," he shouted over his shoulder, much more cheerfully than he felt. "I'll bring it back if I can."

But strong swimmer though he was, the task was too much for him. The boat had had a good start in the race, and it meant to keep ahead. Jim had also to realize—for the little girl's sake, as he reminded himself—that it wouldn't do to get overtired in the outward swim. There was always the chance that he might have to swim back without it, and *against* the tide. Marjorie's last words sounded in his ears, "Oh, *don't* leave me alone!"

It was on account of the little girl,

then, and not to save his own skin, that Jim gave up the chase. "I'd go on and chance it if it was only me," he said to himself, treading water for a minute to regain his breath; "but—" But the chance was slight, as he knew—the boat still kept its distance; there was also a risk of cramp—Jim had suffered from that inconvenience more than once before while bathing with his father—suppose that were to come on; and Marjorie—The boy turned his head, swam with slower strokes back to the island, and arrived on the sandy shore which he had left twenty minutes ago, feeling tired and depressed.

What on earth was the next thing to be done, he asked himself, condemning his thoughtlessness the while in no measured terms, on account of the scrape into which he had brought his small companion.

But the "next thing" was soon plain. He must cheer up Marjorie; everything else must wait. She had not moved from the rock on which he had left her, but she was lying there face downward, sobbing as though her heart would break. She started up when the boy came up to her, and clung to him, sobbing still. "Oh," she said, "oh, I thought you were drowned!"

"Little Juggins!" chattered Jim; "don't you think I know better than to do that?" He had never had any experience with little girls, but instinctively he accorded to Marjorie the same treatment which he meted out to the "little chaps" at St. Cyprian's; and just now it was the very treatment

she needed. She sat up and tried to stop crying.

"I'm sorry that I am so silly," she sobbed, "but—when I saw you go—" Her head went down again on to the rock.

"Look here," said Jim, "buck up! What *is* the use? I'm awfully sorry, you know; it's my fault, of course, and I ought to be horse-whipped, but——"

"It isn't your fault," said his companion, sitting up and drying her eyes; "it's mine just as much. I *begged* to come, and I—" She broke off. "Why, how wet you are!" she exclaimed.

"Well, as your governess would say, 'the water's wet'!" grinned Jim, delighted to see her change of countenance. "I say, are you game to help a chap to make a fire? I ought to have a match or two in my coat pocket. I've left it down on the beach, and——"

"And I'll get some wood," said Marjorie. She got up slowly, and gave a little last half-sob as she ran off. Jim was really dripping, and although it had been a very hot July day, the afternoon was over, and evening was coming. They must have a fire at once to dry his clothes.

"And perhaps that'll show some one exactly where we are when they come to fetch us," said the little girl. "How soon do you think they'll get here, Jim? It must be five o'clock, and there's sure to be boats passing. And supper's at seven, you know, and——"

Jim was suddenly very busy over a pile of driftwood that he was arranging with great care, and he did not answer

at once. He was feeling exceedingly uneasy in his mind about their prospects. There seemed no possibility of the island being visited that night; for though, of course, they would be missed at the boarding-house, yet no one knew where they had gone. How to tell Marjorie this he did not know; it would be better, he thought, to let her find out gradually that probably they must spend the night on the island. "I say," he exclaimed, answering her question with another, "are you hungry?"

"I'm beginning to be," said Marjorie. "I was before, and it went off. I've got these." She produced from her pocket a packet of chocolate and three tea biscuits. "I had them for the journey, you know, and didn't eat them," she said. "Shall we share them?"

"Good biz!" said Jim. The sight of the food was certainly cheering, though there was so little of it; also, the fire was beginning to crackle and smoke. The sticks had caught; and it was lucky that they had, for the boy's stock of matches was decidedly low. Two of them had already been needed to set the fire going, and there were only three more left; these he eyed rather ruefully. "Got a dry place about you, Marjorie?" he said: "or shall I hide them in the sand? I'm going to put on my coat—it's the only dry rag I've got—and warm up my shirt by the fire, and——"

"And I'll go and look for some berries or something," said his companion; "and when I come back we'll have tea." She seemed to have re-

gained her cheerfulness, and was quite brisk and business-like. "It'll be nicer out here than in the stuffy boarding-house, though there *won't* be much to eat."

Jim agreed willingly enough. The idea of fruit was jolly, for his long swim had made him dreadfully thirsty. "All right," he said, "though I'm afraid——"

But Marjorie was gone, and Jim completed his toilet to the accompaniment of a pretty serious thought. Suppose they were to be here all night—that it might be longer he would not allow himself even to think yet, for Marjorie's sake—what would they do for water? There was "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," of course. Jim, who had learned "The Ancient Mariner" at school, grinned rather grimly to himself at the thought of how little he had realized the meaning of that line when he had spouted it in class. "Whatever would the kid do?" he muttered to himself.

He was roused from his thoughts, however, by Marjorie's voice, "Jim! Jim!"

"Righto! coming," answered the boy.

"There's the sweetest little spring here, just bubbling up like anything. No, no berries; not a single one that I can see. There's blaeberry plants, though, quite lots; but the fruit is as red as anything—they'll take weeks more, I should think. I'm awfully sorry, but if you don't *mind* water."

"*Mind* water!" Marjorie, of course, did not understand the relief in Jim's voice. He had read enough adventure

stories to realize how dreadful the prospect would have been if they had found themselves prisoners on an island where fresh water was not to be had. "Have you tasted it?" he asked a little anxiously. "If it's running it's sure to be safe enough; they say in the 'bush' that you can always trust running water. Why, I *say*!"

The remark was not uncalled for. As he turned the corner he came upon his companion standing on a little mound above him. She had been trim and tidy enough a few minutes before; now her skirt and stockings were smeared and dirty, her boots were caked with mud, even her coat was stained.

"Whatever have you been up to?" inquired Jim.

"Oh, it's just where I've been. It's all slippery, you know, by that little spring; and I didn't know, so I fell. I haven't hurt myself, though; I'm only muddy. Come and see." She led the way breathlessly.

"I'd thought, you know," she said in a grown-up voice, "of giving you a hot drink—hot chocolate, I *thought* of. And here's the water, and the fire's over there by the rocks, and the chocolate's in my pocket; but how on earth are we to *make* the drink? We haven't got a saucepan."

"It would be ripping," said Jim, highly flattered by her thoughtfulness, and still shivering a little from the effects of his long swim, followed by the wearing of damp garments. But he surveyed the spring carefully. "I wonder——"

"It's something like taking a pony to water when it won't drink, or like taking the pig to market when it won't get over the stile—isn't it?" laughed Marjorie, interrupting his thoughts.

"There might be an old tin on the beach—washed up, you know," said Jim.

A search produced an old cocoa tin, much battered but still "holeless," as Jim said. The pair sat down to their scanty repast with the heartiest of appetites. Jim, feeling ravenous, broke the three biscuits into equal portions, and divided the chocolate; while Marjorie, with great enthusiasm, concocted her weak but warming draught. How to drink the smoky liquid, however, out of the hot tin was a difficulty, until a bright idea caused her to clap her hands with delight.

"'Swiss Family Robinson'!" she exclaimed. "Have you ever read it? I mean, do you remember how the boys drank their soup? Out of shells. They dipped them in, and, I believe——"

"One for the Swiss Family," said Jim. "A jolly good idea; but, talking of Robinsons, young 'un, just listen to me." He cleared his throat and tried to speak carelessly. "I've got something jolly important to tell you."

"And now about the night," said Jim. The worst part of the job was over, he told himself. He'd broken the news to Marjorie that they couldn't possibly be rescued before the next day, and she had taken it far more sportingly than he had expected her to. Certainly she had appeared a little

frightened at first, but she had tried manfully to hide it. "She's plenty of spunk for her age," thought the boy: "not one of the little chaps at St. Cyp's would have taken it better." He turned a thoughtful look to where his companion was seated, nibbling meditatively at her last biscuit, and carefully preserving all the crumbs on her short skirt, while she dipped a remarkably small shell at intervals into the little smoking tin over the fire. "You'll have to sleep out of doors for once," he said.

"I *couldn't* go to sleep," said Marjorie; "not a wink, I know." Her voice was rather shaky, and though she tried to appear brave, she couldn't refrain from looking over her shoulder in the direction of the "haunted cave." "I'd——"

"Now, look here, mate," said Jim. "There's got to be a captain on this job, and it's a question whether it's to be you or me." He paused impressively. "And I can't help thinking——"

"Of course *you*, then," said Marjorie, smiling a little crookedly, but smiling, all the same. She was rather flattered at being called "mate." "But I'd *really* rather stay awake all night, if you——"

"The first night's watch is mine," said Jim firmly; "you wouldn't expect me to let it be yours, would you? For if so you'd be fit for nothing to-morrow, and there *may* be lots to do." He paused again. "Come along, mate," he said; "there's plenty on hand before we turn in."

Marjorie found herself obeying the captain's commands.

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 60. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than March 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for March.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on Virtue, or on one particular virtue. (The paper must not exceed 250 words.)

BIRD TRANSFORMATIONS.

Change the head and tail of a bird, and find a meal. Change the head and tail of a bird, and find fear. Change the head and tail of a bird, and find a boy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing, a little larger, of the picture

on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a short story on Easter and what it means to all.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a short account of one of your school days. (Not to exceed 100 words.)

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

H.i., .e.u.e.u. s.a.g.e. o. .h. .r.e!

T..u .e..e..e. f .p..n.!

Who was the author of these lines?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a fancy pot with daffodils growing in it, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell the story of how Jesus cured the man who was sick of the palsy.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her all about your dog; or if you have not got one, about a dog you know.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).-

Make a drawing of a flower-pot with snow-drops growing in it, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for January

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. John Cree, 1 Poleglass, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim. 2. Dorothy Coltman, 32 Totteridge Road, High Wycombe.

Honourable Mention.—Catherine Williamson, 186 York Street, Belfast; Henry Boyne, 2 Porterfield Bank, Inverness.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Phyllis Child, Klosters, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe. 2. Alexander Jack, 4 Western Terrace, West Kilbride.

Honourable Mention.—Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Connie Watling, Burnside, Easebourne, Midhurst, Essex; Lucy Armstrong, Minshull Vernon C. of E. School, Crewe; Gwen Highley, Ratho, Coregra Road, High Wycombe.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Katherine Gault, 32 Belgrave Terrace, Aberdeen; C. H. Clark, Boys' Home, Monyash Road, Bakewell, Derbyshire; Florinda Fowler, Nuthurst, Horsham; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford, Essex.

GIRLS' NAME REBUS.

1. Irene Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Isabella Dewar, 145 Springburn Road, Glasgow; Mary Fairbairn, 33 Tarvit Street, Edinburgh; Edwin Hammond and George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Thomas M'Clure, 23 Robson Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

The correct answers were: Penelope, Catherine, Florence. The prize-winners sent in beautifully illustrated answers, and the others in the prize list showed how they found their answers.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Evelyn Edwards, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, near Bulphan, Romford.

Honourable Mention.—Irene Lemon, 7 Northumberland Terrace, W. Hoe, Plymouth; Edna Allen, Ashley New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Roy Brayne and George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Selwyn Tarleton, 8 College Street, Armagh.

JUMBLED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; 2. Victor Cousin, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Thorburn, 8 Victoria Street, Alloa; Ada Janes and Violet

Fiddler, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; May Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim; Georgina Kay, c/o Miller, 12 Viewforth Square, Edinburgh; Margaret Dalziel, 1 Glebe Terrace, Alloa.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Violet Banks, 6 Oakland Road, Dovercourt Bay. 2. James MacGregor, 10 Paton Street, Inverness.

Honourable Mention.—Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal, near Birmingham; John Wilson, 167 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow; Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; Olive Gray, 146 Donegal Pass, Belfast; Jack Johnstone, 5 Belgrove Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. David Miller, 17 Tullibody Road, Alloa; 2. Andrew Nisbet, Main Street, Cleland, Lanarkshire.

Honourable Mention.—Christina Fowler, 4 Chatham Place, Glasgow; Jim Cowan, 21 Gowan Street, Newry, Ireland; Joseph Clay and Leslie Jarvis, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; 2. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey.

Honourable Mention.—Harry Gibbs, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal, Birmingham; Gladys Holland, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; John Alexander, 19 Ardconnel Terrace, Inverness; Barbara Wright, 36 Caledonian Crescent, Edinburgh; Robert Calwell, 198 Oldpark Road, Belfast; Shiela Mathers, 6 Oxmantown Mall, Birr, King's Co.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. George Thomson, 7 Braid Place, Edinburgh. 2. David Whiteford, 21 School Wynd, Kilbirnie.

Honourable Mention.—Harry Sinclair, 34 Merchant's Quay, Newry; Thomas Scott, 4 Seaforth Terrace, Whitehead, Co. Antrim; Marie Hammond and Mary Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Shiela Menzies, 73 Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh.

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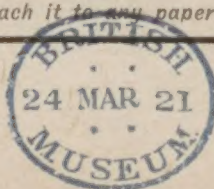
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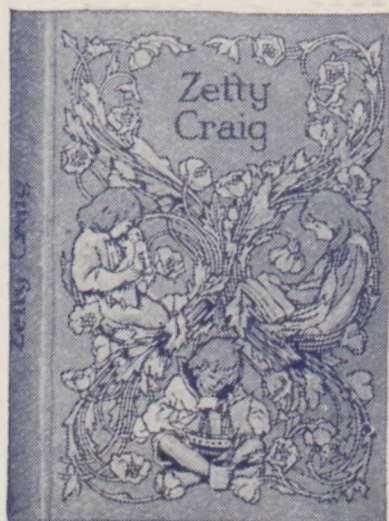
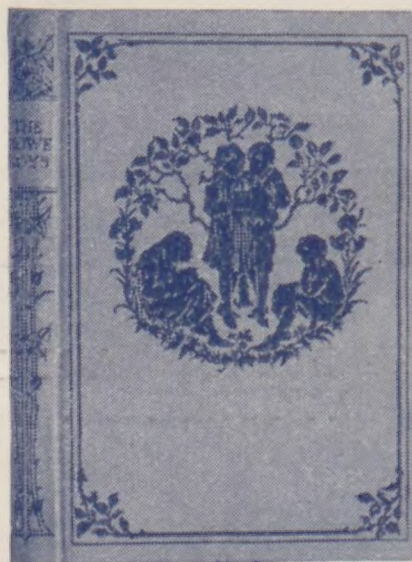
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